

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Edw. No this way huntsman,
See where the Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,
What, are you prouided to depart?

Glo. I, I, the horse stands at the Parke corner;
Come, to Lin, and so take shipping into Flanders:

Ed. Come then. *Hastings* and *Stanley*,
I will requite your loues. By shop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwicke*'s frowne,
And pray that I may repofseffe the Crowne.
Now huntsman, what will you do?

Huntsf. Marry my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Go with you, as tarry heere to be hangd.

Edw. Come then lets away with speed.

Exeunt omnes

Enter the Queene, and the Lord Rivers.

Rivers. Tell me good Madame,
Why is your Grace so passionate of late?

Qu. Why brother *Rivers*, heare ye not the newes
Of that successe King *Edward* had of late?

Rivers. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against *Warwick*;
Tush, feare not faire Queene, but cast those cares aside.
King *Edwards* noble minde, his honours doth display;
And *Warwicke* may lose, though then he got the day.

Qu. If that were all, my griefes were at an end,
But greater troubles will I feare befall.

Ri. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall person then?

Queen. I ther's my greefe, King *Edward* is surpriz'd,
And led away as prisoner vnto *Yorke*.

Riu. The newes is passing strange I must confesse;
Yet comfort your selfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,
Then *Lancaster* at this time must perceyue,
That some will set him in his Throne againe.

Qu. God grant they may; but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the Sanctuary,
There to preferue the fruite within my wombe,

King

of Yorke and Lancaster.

King Edwards seed, true heire to Englands crowne.

Exit.

*Enter Edward and Richard, and Hastings, with a
troope of Hollanders.*

Edw. Thus far from *Belgia* haue we past the seas,
And marcht from *Raunspur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the drum, and call them to the wals.

Enter the Lord Maior of Yorke, vpon the wals.

Maior. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And that's the cause we stand vpon our guard,
And shut the gates for to preferue the Towne.
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.

Edw. Why my Lord Maior, if *Henry* be your king,
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of *Yorke*.

Maior. Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.

Edw. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.

Rich. But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head,
Hee'l quickly make the body follow after.

Hast. Why my Lord Maior, what stand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king *Henries* friends.

Maior. Say you so, then Ile open them presently.

Exit Maior.

Rich. By my faith, a wise stout captaine, and soone perswaded

The Maior opens the doore, and brings the keyes in his hand.

Edw. So my Lord Maior, these gates must not be shut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keyes:
What, feare not man, for *Edward* will defend
The towne and you, despite of all your foes.

Enter Sir Iohn Mountgomery, with drum and soldiers.

How now *Richard*, who is this?

Rich. Brother, this is Sir *Iohn Montgomery*,
A trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiude.

Edw. Welcome Sir *Iohn*. Wherefore come you in armes?

P

Sir